THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office as second class matter.

Build thee more stately temples, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury;
And refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not respectable;
And wealthy, not rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen to stars and birds,
To babes and sages, with open heart;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely,
Await occasions, hurry never.
In a word, to let the spiritual,
Unbidden and unconscious, grow up
Through the common.
This is to be my symphony.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

ELIZABETH IN GOD'S GARDEN.

(Portland, Ore., May 1, 1903.)

I am writing this away out in God's garden, with the spring breezes and birds, dandelion dotted grass and blooming fruit trees all busy growing. And for a wonder the skies are blue and the sun smiles. Oregon is a lovely land and Portland a beautiful little city, but old Jupiter Pluvius' attentions are too constant to please me. I prefer Massachusetts and the sun—probably because I am not in the agricultural line. Here one forgets his hat before his umbrella; in Massachusetts old Jupiter P. growls and flashes and empties the vials of his rain, and then goes off a while—probably back to his first love, Oregon. But when the sun *does* shine here there is no spot on earth to compare with it. I haven't seen all the spots on earth but I know "by faith" that nothing else can touch that magnificent sight one gets from Portland Heights or from the windows of St. Vincent's Hospital;—a crescent sixty miles across, of rolling prairie all a-green and a-bloom, traversed by two rivers, and girt by a range of snow-topped mountains with Hood, Adams and St. Helens rising far above the range, like white sentinels to guard us. And in the center of the crescent Mt. Tabor swells softly and flows smoothly out again, all green and blooming. At your feet lies Portland, a city almost lost in a garden, and clasping hands across the dimpling Willamette. And stretching away on every hand the garden spreads, with pretty homes dotting it everywhere. One must see it all to realize it. That reminds me that there is to be a great centennial Lewis and Clark exposition here in 1905, when rates from the east will be cheap. Save your pin money and come to see God's garden for yourself. Such a sight will help you grow.

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I told you last month, dearies, that I had planned further celebrations in honor of this month of anniversaries, and that I would tell you about it in this issue. Part of the proposed celebration was a long-intended trip to this, my birthplace and home up to four years ago. I meant to leave Holyoke May 20 and return some time in June. But woman proposes and children sometimes dispose. My son, Chester Struble, who lives in Portland, has been very ill. On April 22 I received a telegram from my brother saying, "Slight change for worse. Better come." There were a few minutes of mental chaos followed by a couple of telegrams and two hours of packing, and I was on my way across the continent.

Of course I left all my work to William's direction—left it with perfect confidence that your orders for papers or books would be promptly attended to. William is a jewel anyway. Of course the personal letters must await my return, when I will attend to them in the order received. Shall probably be home again by the time this *Nautilus* is in print. In the meantime my best thoughts are with you all for realization of your hearts' desires. It takes time and effort to convey the written expression of thought, but the thought itself *is with you* regardless of place or space or other conditions.

Chester is now doing well as possible. It is a slow case, with its origin far back, and deep down.

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In spite of conditions I had a pleasant and profitable journey. Telegrams were sent me at various points on the road, all of which chronicled improvement in Chester's condition.

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The train pulled into Chicago at 12.30, April 23, Wednesday, and the "Portland special" did not leave until 8 p. m.; so I had about seven hours in which to see a host of people I wanted to meet. Of course I saw only a few of them; but I hope to have the pleasure of meeting many others as I return.

The first friend I saw at Chicago was William Walker Atkinson, editor of *New Thought*. And speaking of him reminds me that his co-editor, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has just been wined and dined in Portland, Ore. I was too late to meet her. William Walker Atkinson is a *fine* looking man you could not help liking. "Fine" is the word, in its literal sense. He looks like his pictures, but there is a refined-by-fire expression, and a look of gentle cordiality about him which is very pleasant and confidence-inspiring.

The Psychic Research Company, who publish *New Thought*, were moving their up-town office down into the Howland Block. This is an old and substantial but not well kept block owned by the "richest woman in the world," Mrs. Hetty Green. It is well and centrally situated, and the Psychic Research rooms are very pleasant and roomy. I did not see Sydney Flower because he was at the other office, which is miles up-town, and I had not time to go there. Expect to see him as I return; also genial Dr. Paul Edwards, whose office is also away up town, and who has invited me to dine and to speak before the Prentice Mulford Club. I am lotting on that vegetarian dinner on my way back, but I am so out of practice on the other line, and my time is so limited, that I suspect I shall let somebody else do the speaking.

There are several hundred Chicago people I'd dearly love to meet, and the few I did meet just whetted my appetite for more! Talk about the "Windy City"!—the day was beautifully bright and calm, but the friends I met fairly swept me off my feet with the strong currents of their good will. They gave me not only refreshing breezes of cordiality, but they pressed me to accept anything I happened to mention, from a water-cure book to the contents of their boxes in the safety vault! And everybody I met wanted to give me dinners, receptions, summer vacations and lecture opportunities galore! I haven't yet quite lost the warm feeling my solar plexus received from those bright and hearty Chicagoans.

I visited "Coolidge and Waterloo" at 87 Washington street, and there met not only the members of the firm but also Agnes Chester See of Kalamazoo, who, with her husband, is delivering a very successful series of lectures in Chicago. Agnes Chester See is a charming little lady who reminds one of O. Hashnu Hara. I wanted to see her husband too, but had not time to return later. Mr. See's name is *Evelyn* Arthur See, and I always supposed him to be a woman. I heard all sorts of nice things about Mr. and Mrs. See. "Coolidge and Waterloo" are two dear women who are helping to spread the new thought. Mrs. Anna C. Waterloo is an old friend (by mail) whom it was a great pleasure to meet. Success attend her and Mrs. Coolidge.

Then there was Dr. Alice B. Stockham to visit. She is a charming, *live* woman who does an incalculable amount of good in the world, bless her heart. And I found at her office E. Burt Beckwith, who had just severed his connection with Alliance Publishing Company, New York city, and come on to Chicago to help Dr. Stockham in her publishing business. Mr. Beckwith is a big, cordial, smooth shaven young man who ought to fit in Chicago. He told me that John Emery McLean, too, has severed connection with *Mind*.

At Dr. Stockham's office I met also Dr. Taber, author of "Suggestion the Secret of Sex," and Mr. Skaife, whose wife is Dr. Alice's daughter; both *good* looking men who ornament as well as utilize the new thought.

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Speaking of personal appearance reminds me that eastern men as a class are smaller than western men. Eastern men are insignificant looking in stature. This struck me when I first went east, and I was again reminded as I journeyed west. In Colorado we acquired a number of new passengers of the typical western type—young, large, strong, good looking, with an atmosphere suggestive of mountain tops and pine woods. The men on the streets here are larger, and walk with a free swing. The eastern men have a *pinched* look—as if there were too many of them for the amount of space.

I trust my eastern friends not to resent this comparison. *Looks* are sometimes deceiving, you know, and *valuable* folks are not always cut by a generous pattern. What the eastern man lacks in size is compensated in culture of mind and body. Personally I prefer *one* eastern man, at least, though I greatly admire the typical western man of affairs.

Perhaps this is simply the Law of Attraction in action. I fancy it is. I am, or was, a typical western woman, and an eastern man supplies what I lack whilst I supply what he naturally lacks. My *desire* for those things which are typical of the east in general and Boston in particular, has drawn me to the environment and persons whose association tends to develop those qualities in me. The marriage of east and west tends to the all-around development of each.

I love the west. I fully appreciate and am proud of the beauties and accomplishments of my native city. And yet no consideration I can imagine would even tempt me to again live in Portland. I have heard many an eastern person say he could not be hired to live east again, after once living west.

For some time I was puzzled over this apparent inconsistency of tastes, but I think I have solved the riddle—by analyzing my own feelings in the matter. I feel as I fancy a plant might which had lived its little life in one pot of earth. A change in earth gives it a new lease of life and joy. *Another* plant of a different sort will thrive in the earth in which the first plant was stagnating.

I do not believe that environment makes us, but it certainly does supply the elements by which we make ourselves. And the same old environment

tends to perpetuation of faults, to stagnation, pessimism, death. One who lives long years in one place becomes in his own mind simply a *part* of an *old* machine. He *leans* here and touches there, and does not realize it. When he gets into new environment, where there is nothing *familiar* to lean upon, he becomes conscious of himself as an individual. From a state of being simply a *part* of his family or friends he emerges as a *whole* being, a *nucleus* of growth. He begins to depend upon the *individual* brain instead of the *family* brains. This is the beginning of all growth.

And growth is LIFE.

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It is a tradition "out west" that eastern people are cold and suspicious; that a stranger is not in the east given the cordial reception extended to a stranger in the west; that easterners will "have nothing to do with you" until they are properly introduced, and even then they must know all about your "family" before they will accept you.

There surely is a difference in the way eastern people and westerners receive strangers; but I have not found in the east the suspicion and coldness credited to it. Rather, I found there *less* real suspicion and coldness than in the west. I also found less curiosity and exuberance of manner. The principal difference lies in the *manner* of doing things. Westerners are more demonstrative as well as more curious, and they are less conventional. Everybody hunts up the new comer and frankly asks him all about himself. This gives the newcomer a sense of being welcomed, when in reality he has only made a stir among a people who are looking for stirs, and who, *deep down*, have a quite decided suspicion of new people—a suspicion born of the *knowledge* that all sorts of eastern failures gravitate to the west. The west takes in a stranger readily, and then *watches* him to see if he is *worthy* of confidence.

The eastern people have the stage of development where "confidence men" are unloaded upon them, therefore they manifest less *real* suspicion. They do not drop their own business and social pursuits to run around and ask you all about yours. They take it as a *matter of course* that you are all right, and that you too have your business and friends as they have; *they* would not care to be overwhelmed with the attentions of strangers and they assume that *you* would not. But if any occasion arises when they can really show you a courtesy or a favor, or extend to you a credit, it will be *readily* extended in a *quietly* cordial way which is a surprise to the westerner. It is in the west, not the east, that the "black list" is most diligently studied and revised. It is in the west that the dollars are most jealously guarded with the right hand and an eagle eye, whilst the other hand recklessly throws them out for "treating" the stranger from whom he *hopes* for favors and friendship, but of whom he is *secretly* suspicious.

Now do not accuse me of being disloyal to my native land, nor of criticizing anybody. I am simply analyzing. *The world* is my native land. I am no more disloyal in seeing the beauties of one portion than I am disloyal to my body when I analyze and compare hand and foot. Eastern people are no better or brighter or nobler than western. At heart we are *one* and *equal*, and neither without the other "shall be made perfect." We differ in manners only, the outcome of conditions. Give Massachusetts Oregon conditions and she would show Oregon manners; and *vice versa*. We are *gods* and human beings before we are Oregonians or New Englanders. And it is *good* for us to taste *both* Oregonian and New England conditions; and European, Egyptian and Hottentot conditions, too.

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The other part of my little celebration consists in the issuing of a new booklet, uniform in size and price with Solar Plexus book. So many people have asked me to write about the training of children. If I were the typical old maid whose children are perfection I'd have long ago rushed into print on the subject. But my children are not imaginary ones and I see a thousand things I might have done better if I'd only known how. "Our hindsight is so much better than our foresight," as an old friend used to say. So I have hesitated long, though the subject is one of absorbing interest to me as well as to others. But one day a particularly pathetic appeal set me going and I sat down to write an article for *Nautilus*. The pages grew and grew until I'd have had to publish it in instalments, which I was loath to do because of the close connection running through it. So I have made a 25-cent booklet which will be ready for sale by the time this *Nautilus* is out. The name is, "How to Train Children and Parents," and I believe it will interest every one of my friends, whether or not they have children. The booklet was an inspiration, and I believe my own original methods and ideas and experiences told therein will be an inspiration and path finder for many another.

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I may give you more about child training in *Nautilus*. On my trip west I became acquainted with two charming women whose children were so exceptionally well managed that I was much interested. We spent much time together, discussing ways and means and principles of child culture.

GOD AS THE DEVIL.

"You seem to think God put *all* our desires in our hearts. What if we have desires to do things we *know* are not right, and the doing of which will hurt some one's feelings? I do not believe ignorance is the only cause of sinning. We do things we *know* are wrong." C. B.

If "God is All" where *can* a desire come from if not from God? There is *no* thinker but the One Great Thinker you call "God." All creation is made up of God's *trains of thought*. The real, informing, thinking self of *all* beings is that same One Thinker. He (or It) is working through all ages to *think* out the justice, love, wisdom that is in him. He weighs one side of a thing through me, and another through you; and He waits patiently until He can figure it all out and arrive at the meeting place of truth.

Just as in your individual mind you seem to weigh and reason first one side and then another, so the One Thinker weighs and reasons *all* sides of The Truth through all people.

Sometimes you are inclined to think one thing is right, and then you change your mind and go over to the other side. So the One Thinker seems to change His mind and go from one side to another.

First He decides that the Israelites shall go; then He thinks through Pharaoh and says they shall not. Then He thinks still louder through Moses and they start. Then He sees Pharaoh's side again and "hardens Pharaoh's heart" (that is *just* what the Bible record says), and tries again to hold them. Then inch by inch He fights over the two sides in His mind (there *isn't* any place but God's mind, and we are all in it) until he finds the point of perfect justice, or *equity*.

The same One Thinker, or God, has debated within Himself as to whether the Filipinos shall go free or belong to the United States. *You* thought the people of the United States and the legislators in particular, were doing all that thinking and talking for and against. Why, bless your heart, the people and the legislators are *dummies in God's mind*—they are little thoughts moving around in the Mind of the One Thinker —thoughts through which He weighs and balances and decides the equities. He thinks out and *proves* His *intuitions* in this way.

Now don't all of you anti-expansionists jump up and screech at me that it is *not* equity that we should own the Philippines. *You* are only one side of the debate.

And don't all you expansionists come smiling around to pat me on the back. *You* are only the *other* side of the question.

I AM on the fence and I can see you both. All keep still now and I will whisper to you a secret: *God hasn't thought it all out yet.* He is still thinking alternately on one side and then on the other. It is nip and tuck with him whether to hold the Filipinos or to let 'em go. But He *thinks* He'll let 'em go—*when he finds a way.* He's thinking it out through you and me and Governor Taft and President Roosevelt and the rest.

There is just One Mind, which fills space full. All minds are inlets of the One Mind. All thoughts are thoughts of the One Mind.

Desire is the *will* of the One Mind. All desires are *inlets* of the one desire or will. *All desires are of God.* They are God's desires, fitting in with that particular *train of thought*. As the thought changes so will the desires. God's thoughts and desires change through all eternity. His desires fit the particular train of thought He is working out—one thing in you, another in me; changing in each of us from day to day; *but always God.*

God is proving through you and me what is right and what is wrong; what is just and what is unjust.

Wrong ALWAYS brings unhappiness; right ALWAYS brings happiness.

It is not enough that you have been *told* that it is "wrong" to tell lies. God hardens your heart to tell lies and suffer for it until you have so thoroughly *proved* the wrong and unhappiness of lying that NOTHING could tempt you to lie. So with all other wrong doings.

But lots of times we *think* things are wrong when they are not really so. We have been *told* things are wrong—we do not know for ourselves. God "tempts" us to *prove* things.

The gaining of wisdom is *all we are here for*—here in God's mind. We learn, and God proves, as much by our wrong deeds as by our right ones. By lying and suffering for it we learn first to *wish* for truth, then to work to gain it; then finally we *love* it and *live* it.

But not all in one little span of life perhaps. That is the trouble with people who are so greatly worried over right and wrong—their noses are always to earth and a death makes them lose the trail. They see a *single* being in one short span of life; instead of looking up and taking *all* life and all lives as a Whole.

But they, too, are learning.

SELFISHNESS AND SUPER-SELFISHNESS.

By W. J. Colville.

Selfishness as an instinct of simple self-preservation is characteristic of every living creature, and human beings are in no way different from animals in this respect. At the outset of every human career it seems that no higher motive than self-regard is felt or manifest, but early in the process of man's evolution what may be termed *superselfish* instinct begins to assert itself. As the word *supernormal* has been effectively used by Frederic W. Myers in his work on the evidences of human superphysicality, with equal justification can *superselfishness* be employed to designate a higher state of consciousness than selfishness, and at the same time convey the idea that primal instincts are not eradicated but transcended in the course of evolutionary development. To think of self only is to confess one's self on a very low planes of ethical advancement, but completely to ignore self-interest seems impracticable, seeing that human interests are so interwoven that if one suffers many suffer and if one rejoices many are made glad.

Scientific selfishness is at the root of all endeavor to employ knowledge for the sole aim of personal aggrandizement. Much information is often accumulated by students in laboratories and by many who ransack the intellectual treasure-houses of the world; but no good end is served by this accumulated mental hoard, because its possessors lack the philanthropic spirit, which dictates a complete consecration of knowledge to the ends of the largest possible human service. To be selfish in the scientific sense is to have perverted the natural instinct of self-preservation, which is content with simply serving legitimate personal needs and does not seek to injure others. Science, because of its enormous capacity for usefulness, can be made an instrument of cruelty and injustice when not directed by a spirit of

benevolence; therefore, the words of an ancient sage are justified—"intellectual acquisitions as well as physical indulgences may lead to weariness and ultimate vexation." All estheticism that does not look beyond mere outward adornment soon degenerates and becomes morbid and immoral. All intellectualism that aims no higher than the production of monuments of mental wealth to glorify their fashioner must end in callous indifference to the wants of humanity at large, and may easily go hand in hand with the practice of cruelty. In like manner all seeking after psychic development with no higher end in view than the increase of personal influence may result in moral deterioration of the subtlest kind.

The great beauty of a metaphysical view of life is that it promises to lift our gaze above commonplace existence and show us high ideals that can be so realized as to glorify the routine work of the world. All sorts of duties can be done far better on earth if we feel that we are serving some higher purpose than simply sustaining a physical organism that in a few brief years may be disintegrated. Health on a higher plane than simply bodily well-being is the aim of every intelligent mental healer; and, as character-building is more important than the mere amelioration of physical distresses, we hear much and need to see more of a healing ministry that takes direct hold of the mightiest of all problems—the world's ethical regeneration.

Selfishness, however, insidiously asserts itself in numberless instances. People are attracted by glittering promises of great wealth and exalted station if they only "think right," and to many it appears that right thinking means attracting large sums of money by occult means and generally enriching one's self regardless of one's neighbor. If no ill will toward any one enters into an endeavor to increase one's own material prosperity, nothing like "black magic" can be practiced; but, though there is nothing positively wrong in thinking of one's self as rich and powerful and building splendid air-castles, we are failing to catch the higher meaning of the New Thought movement if we stop with any such endeavors. There is even a grave danger of demoralizing ourselves if we adopt such practices at all, because the temptation to get a living without earning it is so strong with many that they soon degenerate into psychic sponges, desiring to be mere absorbents in the universe, unless they take a nobler and more heroic stand and seek to be of *use* to their fellows. It seems difficult to follow the arguments of people who tell us we can lawfully attract whatever we desire to possess simply by concentrating thought and expectation on a given object—unless they mean that we can attract means of usefulness, and find out how to make such contributions to the general fund that we have a right freely to draw from the exchequer of the universe.

Selfishness on the psychic plane is quite as short-sighted as when it operates elsewhere. It may not be akin to malice, but it fails to see the relation of one member of human society to another, and, because of this lack of proportion in the mental view, *self* is made to occupy a ridiculously exalted place. As many honest critics are observing the present trend of metaphysical doctrines with unsparing eyes, it would be well to let them see that we are actuated by quite as noble motives in our desire to acquire wealth and influence as can actuate the members of any ethical or philanthropic organization. Health, success, and happiness should be the portion of all: such is the cry of many a social reformer who knows little of the New Thought. We must not fall below the standard of ethics set by our contemporaries who may be less acquainted with the operation of universal order than ourselves; and, though one who relies on occult methods may refrain from the hustling strife common to most agitators, and may even appear indolent at times in the eyes of those with whom strenuousness is the chief of virtues, retirement into mystic silence and consecration to esoteric methods of spiritual and mental culture may well keep pace with the most active and incessant interest in the common weal.

Superselfish motives and methods are possible to every one, for the interdependence of the human family is plain to every clear thinker. If I am only selfish, I may be satisfied to sit in silence meditating upon my own success, regardless of the welfare of my brethren; but as I grow into superselfishness, while I still desire and expect my own prosperity, I begin to see myself a unit in a great whole—a member of a vast co-operative society. The joy of the higher life can never be experienced by those who think of self alone; neither is it possible to attain that full measure of physical health which we all desire, and for which many frantically strive, so long as we are fettered by the narrow claim of self-interest. Nothing so enlarges our capacity for breathing in copious draughts of living energy as that expansion of our inner consciousness which accompanies earnest, hopeful work for many instead of selfish work for one. All those teachings which tell us to *expect* health and success are right in the main, and we can utilize them to the full when we have enlarged our outlook; the only contention is that there must be a broader than a merely self-seeking object for adopting exercises, no matter of what variety. To retire periodically to some quiet place and there affirm health and prosperity for one's self, jointly with all one's neighbors, is to engage in a very excellent practice, and one that enables one to make a worthy and useful contribution to the general mental atmosphere; but to retire into the same privacy and center thought on self alone, and to narrow inspiration within the limits of personal ambition, is to fail utterly in soul expansion and to retard spiritual advancement even when ostensibly doing something to promote it.

There is a subtle temptation, common to many, to substitute emotion for activity, and roseate dreams for stalwart action. Browning's lines, "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty; I woke and found that life was beauty," are susceptible to a broad and practical interpretation. We are often like lotus eaters, dreaming of a paradise that can only be won by effort while we imagine it is ours for subjective contemplation only. We may catch glimpses of this fair state while in an entrancing reverie, and such glimpses may be prophecies; but we need to people our heaven with a *multitude* of human angels, and never seek to live in it alone. Then when we have risen from our trance of ecstasy we need to go to work to make all earthly things conform to the celestial pattern that we have beheld in our state of exaltation.

To transcend selfishness is the only road to truly noble attainment, and though at first our resurrection may appear difficult because it involves a breaking away from old ideas and methods, like all really great accomplishments the "lion in the way" is encountered and must be surmounted not far from the entrance gate or threshold. To be born anew, to understand something of the meaning of a raised and regenerate life, it is not necessary to undergo any religious convulsions or to experience spasmodic conversion; though sometimes a climacteric period is reached in the soul's experience when two roads are discernible, and it has become impossible to choose the new path without abandoning the old.

All studies of occultism point to the place where the roads divide after the neophyte has learned to govern his earthly impulses and to feel the power within him of victorious will. Leucomancy, or white magic, on the one hand, and necromancy, or black magic, on the other, may be defined respectively as superselfish and selfish methods of utilizing a power that has been gained through effort, and therefore is its possessor's by right. No one can abuse a power he cannot use; hence, there are stages in human development where the arts of magic are simply impossible. *Leucomancy* is the art of dispensing light: *necromancy* is a means of dealing death; and, though these are the generic names given to *all* occult and mystic practices by writers who deal only in generalities, many grades of gray magic are practiced by modern aspirants to wonder-working. The simply selfish person, if he become a mystic in any sense, will probably develop into a gray magician—one who acts from base or earthly but not from definitely malicious motives. The truly philanthropic person who peers into the well of occultism will seek to practice only pure white magic, for in his eyes nothing is of much value unless it contribute to *general* human good.

The dangers of scientific selfishness, especially when the more occult aspects of science are considered, are manifold, because of the conflicting etheric currents into which we are drawn when we act as competitors instead of as co-operators. The unseen realm is filled with the mental and psychic outgoings of humanity at large, and there are many strata of psychic atmosphere undesirable to navigate, and these alone are open to whomsoever may seek to press unseen force into his service with other than benevolent design.

Without entering into the profounder mysteries of this theme, we may simply picture to ourselves the inevitable consequence of wanting to get something that a number of other people may desire—such as money already in currency, or some one of a limited number of positions. When we desire to obtain a particular object or position for self, or for some special client whom we wish to favor, we have to encounter a whirlpool of contending wishes; and, if our thought-currents succeed in overpowering those of other aspirants, it is only after a pitched battle in which the lower passions of our nature have been roused to a dangerous degree. If, on the other hand, we are content both to desire and to expect that whatever is really best will surely come to us and to those on whose behalf we are mentally working, we set in motion a current of creative mental force that actually discovers what has not yet been brought to light and brings into existence new industries and new positions. There are no limits to the useful ends that we can serve when we have bidden farewell to selfishness and risen to the heights beyond, where we mingle with the life-work of those arisen souls who are far wiser and more efficient guides and teachers than any earth-bound sprites can possibly be.

Selfishness is the cause of nearly all the failures and misery with which the world is flooded, and in no field of research do we trace its baneful influence more clearly than in the therapeutic realm. Such emotions as jealousy, envy, fear of failure, sorrow at the success of others, and all else that is unneighborly cause unwholesome secretions in the body, which poison the intestines and lie at the root of many obscure distempers (vaguely called "nerves") that are extremely difficult to reach. Selfishness also robs life of its sweetness, and causes the selfish person to be suspected instead of welcomed wherever he may go. We need a purer and more bracing mental air; we need to forsake the valleys for the hill country—the dark swamps for the high table-lands of nobler thought and feeling.

Superselfishness is the gospel of tomorrow. Unselfishness, or selflessness, may be in many instances sublime; but we need to preach a doctrine easy to be understood and capable of application to the requirements of the age and land in which we may be living. Let us teach every child the beauty of co-operation; then children will grow up, not grabbers in the industrial field, but work and profit sharers.

Social and industrial problems are demanding solution at the hands of thinkers, and, if New Thought advocates are to take the place they ought to take and are capable of taking in the vanguard of reform, it will not be long before a beneficent practice, based on a better understanding of psychic ethics, will shine out upon the world with healing in its radiance.—*Mind.*

TO BE LOVED.

"I desire to attract love from the Infinite or somewhere, that I may not be starved for it, as I have been ever since I married. My husband sneers at the New Thought, and in fact at nearly all that is best in me." Caroline.

And yet this woman has children to love her. She thinks she is in need of being loved; but what she really needs is *to love.* Being loved is the *effect* of loving. A loving man or woman

can never want for love. Others turn to them in love as naturally as flowers turn to the sun.

In order to be loved you must *radiate* love. Instead of trying to attract the love of others, seek to *give* your love to others, *expecting nothing in return*. After a time you will find the unexpected coming to you spontaneously.

Learn to love by loving *all* people and *things*, and especially all things you find to do.

This same Caroline wants to "rise above drudgery." What *is* drudgery? *It is simply unloved work*—nothing more nor less. *Any* work which is looked down upon, and which is done with the hands *whilst the heart and mind are criticizing it*, and running out after other things,—*any* work thus done is drudgery. Work done with the hands *and a small and unwilling part* of the mind, is drudgery. To her who *respects*, and *loves*, and does with a will what she finds to do, there is no drudgery.

Let the woman who longs to be loved begin to *love*, by practicing on her work. To quit calling it "drudgery"; to put *all* her mind and will and *soul* into *each* piece of work as it comes; is the first and longest step toward loving it. It is an easily demonstrated fact that we learn to love anything we persist in doing with a whole-souled will.

To love our work enlarges our capacity for loving people, and the more we love people, *and the more people we love*, the more radiant we become.

It is the radiant lover whom all the world loves.

Do you know that love and the lack of love are governed by "auto-suggestion"? It is *natural* to love, as every child does. But as we grow up we keep saying to ourselves (this is auto-suggestion, you know) that we "don't like this," and we "don't like that," until really we *shut up* our love and live in a continual state of "don't like"—a state which in due time develops into *hate*—hate for self as well as others. "Don't like" does it all.

Now *cultivate* love by auto-suggestion. Keep saying, "I *like* this," and "I like that." *Hunt* for things to like, and even tell yourself you like things when you don't *feel* that you like them at all.

Feeling is a *result* of suggestion. Nothing easier to prove than that. A hypnotist can, by suggestion, make you feel almost anything, whether it is true or not. He will say, "You feel sad," and straightway you will feel so. Then he will say, "You feel happy," and you do. Your feelings are like a harp, and your *statements*, or auto-suggestions, are the fingers which pick the strings. Take good care to play the tunes you *want*—to say you *like* things, or love them. Then you will quickly respond and *feel* that you like or love them. Keep *practicing* until you love *all* the time. Then you will *be* loved to your heart's content.

SUBSTANCE AND BELIEF.

Substance changes its forms and its names, it does not change its inherent attributes. Beliefs are born, substance not. Beliefs grow, substance not. Beliefs pass away, but substance endures forever.

Through desire for the truth regarding life, the soul or mentality gives birth to the true belief.

The true belief is the belief which has learned to discriminate between substance and conditions.

The true belief has learned that all substance is a good substance, having in its every atom inherent Life and Wisdom, also Love and Power; in other words, it has learned that all substance, whatever names it may have for a time, is spirit-substance.

It has learned that no matter what form that spirit-substance takes, it still remains good substance, knowing substance, spirit-substance.

The true belief is born, but it must grow, and thought must feed it. Thought must feed it by dwelling upon the goodness of this good spirit-substance, which meets the eye from morning until night. We cannot look without seeing this good substance in some form.

All our senses are for the purpose of contacting that good substance in its many forms. Therefore it must be easy for thought to feed true belief with the food which shall make it grow to the necessary greatness and dependability.

Thought uses her sense of hearing to aid the growth of true belief, when the sound of the wind, the waves, the rivers, the birds, the animals, the human voice, are all reminders of the Love and Wisdom permeating the substances producing the sounds.

The body is touching something continually. Every moment of any day and night must the body contact substance in some form. It stands upon substance and lies upon substance. It wears substance. It handles substance in some form all day, and thought feeds the true belief when she uses her sense of feeling to remind her of the goodness of substance and of the presence of Love and Wisdom inherent in every particle.

We eat substance, and the sense of taste is being used in the service of the true belief when thought remembers that it is spirit-substance which is being eaten.

In this manner the sense of taste will strengthen the true belief that every atom of substance is endowed with the spiritual attributes of Love, Life, Wisdom, and Power, and every mouthful eaten will perform the work for which it is intended.

Is there a moment of waking time when the eyes dwell upon nothing? Whatever they gaze upon must be substance in some form or shape. Thought is using her sense of sight to feed the true belief in the goodness of substance, when every form of that substance as she looks upon it makes her declare that all substance is good substance, spirit-substance. And if every time the eyes rest upon man, animal, bird, insects, sun, sky, sea, mountains, valleys, food and clothing, thought is reminded that dwelling in all are the four great attributes of Being, and that the form of the substance cannot change the nature of the substance, then the sense of sight is being used for which it was conceived and created.

To use the senses thus is to strengthen the true belief, and it grows to depend upon this spirit-substance with its inherent Wisdom and Love. The more it depends upon the goodness and Wisdom of spirit-substance the less it fears conditions.

Thus the power is gradually extracted from conditions. They take their rightful character as effects, and are no more believed to be causes.

The true belief will give back to thought all and more than thought has given to belief. For the true belief has absorbed the untrue, and thus wiped away the mist which hid from the soul the infinite Love and Power in which it lives, and moves, and has its being.

Whatever one believes intensely, that he thinks much about, and thinks strongly. He dwells upon it at all times. He carries it with him into all his occupations and amusements. He never leaves it behind. Where he goes it goes. It eats, and drinks, and walks, and sleeps with him.

Therefore the need of having true beliefs instead of untrue, and the one who will use his five senses for the purpose of feeding the true belief will soon prove that the substance composing his body is a good substance, a spirit-substance.

Brain, heart, lungs, nerves, muscles, and blood, will all be found to be endowed with the properties and characteristics of good substance. They will all perform their work with wisdom and power. There will be no discord between them. They will love and reverence one another and help one another. The wisdom of one atom is as the wisdom of the whole substance composing the body. The three in one are united. Mind, thought and body, are in absolute accord. Mind knows its whole being, thought and body, to be good action and substance. Thought believes it, and by that belief proves by the body that substance is good, a substance of mind or a mind substance—a demonstration of mind, capable of manifesting all the inherent powers and possibilities of mind, capable of expressing mind's infinitude of wisdom and power, and, above all, its continuous creatorship.—Alma Gillen in *Expression*.

FOOD AND HEALTH.

By Amos Woodbury Rideout.

The food and eating question has long been a hobby with me. I was driven to study it at first through dire necessity, but later, followed it because of its own inherent interest. I was born into the world, I take it, with a weak stomach. It is possible for people to be deformed internally as well as externally, although in the first case we do not speak of it in that way, but call it congenital weakness, or hereditary tendency. If I could have known that I had that tendency I might have so guided my habits of life as to have avoided it or overcome it. Herein may be seen, perhaps, where the benefits of astrology, or phrenology might have been made useful, but I knew nothing of the matter and went blindly on following custom and circumstance, as most people do, until that dread demon, dyspepsia, had camped upon my trail, and seemed determined to never leave it. Of course, I turned first for relief to medicine and many a hard earned dollar I invested in drugs and dope, in sure things whose merits (?) were set forth in glowing terms in green covered booklets and in newspaper advertisements, but I soon discovered that these things were made *to sell*, that they were gotten up to fill a demand. Medicine is sometimes useful, but it is less likely to be of benefit in chronic than in acute troubles. A passing attack of some disorder may, perhaps, be made the sooner to let go by a judicious use of medicine, but as a rule, the harm is so much more common than the help, that we had, perhaps, after all, better take our chances with mental therapeutics. Rest, fasting, careful nursing and nature will do the rest.

Then my attention was turned to the hygienist, and I plodded carefully through the teachings of Lewis, Graham, Trall and many others, the people who think they can accomplish everything by attention to diet, bathing, etc. Something may be accomplished in that way, but it doesn't do to pin your faith to one thing. Dr. Densmore, in his interesting book, "How Nature Cures," tells of a young man who was troubled for years with ophthalmia—chronic inflammation of the eyelids, and granulations upon the edges. He was an enthusiastic hygienist, a disciple of Dr. Trall. But do all he could, he got worse instead of better. He was finally cured,—in a fortnight,—by a simple eye salve,—a proprietary remedy. His gratitude was so great that he used to buy the remedy by the dozen and give it away freely to any other sufferers he would happen to meet.

The result of my studies along this line was that I avoided this, that, and the other thing, until my menu was chiefly noted for the things I *could not* eat. I went for years without eating many things of which I was particularly fond, because I thought they would aggravate my trouble. I might say right here, however, that I do not think that a person will be inclined to eat those things that are not desirable for them. With an absolutely normal appetite this would certainly be true, but how few people have that! I note a possible exception, in the case of "fleshy" people,—those who suffer from or are bordering on obesity. They are invariably fond of fats, they delight to deluge their salads with oil, and they would as lief have their bread buttered on both sides as not. The very thing which they

should avoid they seem to crave. Why this is so I am sure I do not know. It is one of the things, that, as Lord Dundreary said, "No f-f-feller can f-f-find out." It is just as I sought to explain my dyspepsia, "they were born that way." But the dyspeptic does not crave the things he ought not to have, at least I never did and I don't think that they do as a rule.

But the reader is wondering if I am ever going to stop my garrulity, and tell whether I ever got any benefit and how. If I have any definite information on the subject and what it is? Well, if I have learned one thing more than another, it is to beware of the person who is deadly sure about this or that particular theory in relation to diet. The idiosyncrasies of our physical make-ups are many and varied, and there are very few laws that can be laid down with absolute certainty for the guidance of all. Remember Josh Billings epigram, that, "a man better not know so much as tew kno' so many things that ain't so."

Then we live very largely under abnormal and artificial conditions and what might be wise and right for the normal man living in a sane world, must necessarily be modified to suit the prevailing conditions. As the fatuous fisherman of Buzzards Bay puts it, "It is a condition that confronts us and not a theory." We are governed too much by custom and conservatism; we eat many things that are worthless, or even detrimental, because we have always been in the habit of it, or we allow ourselves to be "jollied" into eating some new and still more worthless thing by the ubiquitous advertising man. Without taking up the question of whether we should eat any meat or not, I feel very sure that we eat too much, and if I were living in the tropics I would certainly not eat any. Why else should there be found there such lavish production of the most beautiful and delicious fruits, except that they are there



A. W. RIDEOUT.

for our use. It seems as if the handwriting on the face of nature was too plain to be disregarded. In the temperate zone, I should see to it, that I had *some* fruit or green vegetables at every meal. If I lived in the frigid zone—but I just *won't* live there, so let that go.

If I have a prejudice it is against the so common use of the cereal breakfast foods, oatmeal, and the like. If they are fit for anybody, they are only suitable for those persons who do hard, manual, outdoor labor. They are lacking in all the factors that go to make up the ideal food, *i. e.*, they are not pleasing to the eye, the smell or the taste. We only coax them down by the addition of cream and sugar, thereby still further adding to the chances of dyspepsia and biliousness.

The one thing that I feel absolutely certain of, is that the average person eats too much. There is no *one* remedy that will apply with such great benefit to all sorts and conditions of men as the adoption of two meals per day, dividing the twenty-four hours as nearly in the middle as possible.

There are some people who are, more than others, excessively fond of the joys of the table, while some need to give the matter more attention. If space permitted I would tell you who these are and why, but I must desist.

Come to the table with an appetite or stay away. When you *do* come, give the matter your *whole attention*. Not meaning, of course, to bar pleasant conversation, the lighter and the gayer the better. *Look* at your food, let the eyes rest upon it with pleasing satisfaction, it is a more important factor than you dream of. Take in any pleasing odors that float your way and say to yourself, "how good that smells." "Last, but surely not least, *take time to eat.*" Don't bolt, either the food, or into, or out of the dining hall.

I would have flowers on the table, if possible, at every meal. If cut flowers are not available, a simple growing plant in a pot is nice, we can watch its growth, and note from day to day its changes. When I am away on vacation, I like to roam the woods and fields, and I invariably keep the dining table supplied with a bouquet of wild flowers. It is surprising what novel nosegays one can scare up. The hot house cannot compare in dainty charm to my friends of the field and forest.

Our metaphysical friends claim to be able to accomplish wonders by means of their teachings, and without stopping to discuss the question of the limitations of their doctrine, I am confident that they are doing great good. I doubt very much, however, if the habitual over-eater can hope to square matters by any mental hocus pocus, no matter how powerful the suggestion, but, other things being equal, you can, without question, help things along by being on friendly terms with your stomach instead of distrusting it. I cannot do better in this connection than to quote you some epigrams I ran across the other day. They express my sentiments exactly:

"Talk to your stomach.

Cheer it up.

Pat it on the back.

Some stomachs need coaxing.

Tell it a funny anecdote; it enjoys a good laugh once in a while as well as the rest of you.

We know of stomachs that have not enough self-confidence.

Many a stomach needs encouragement.

Tell it in large, strong words that it can *digest anything*.

Don't rob it by taking nearly all the blood to the brain to think with after eating.

Let it be engineer for about one hour after a full meal and run things as it pleases.

Tell it to go ahead and do the business up completely.

Don't whip it up with stimulants, but cheer it, encourage it, give it confidence and a front seat, and you will be surprised at its youthful vigor."

"DON'T SHOOT THE FIDDLER"

You have all heard of the above sign being posted over the musician in a western ball room with the added information "he's doing as well as he knows how."

Well, that's what we are doing in getting out *Nautilus* this month without the assistance of the editor. I therefore ask your kind indulgence for myself, for my friend Mr. Rideout (who is part of the show) and for the young lady in our office who watches out for errors in the proof. She is a college graduate and speaks three languages fluently, but is new to proof reading.

I suppose the editor will tell you elsewhere in this issue of her hurried departure for Portland, Ore., on the 21st of April which made it necessary for us to invite you to a feast of more or less hash this month (with apologies to Mr. Rideout and our vegetarian friends).

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

—"I am striving to be a radiant sun." A.

Bless your sweet heart, that is all the trouble with you!—you are *striving*. You ARE a radiant sun. As well strive to be a human being. Accept yourself for what you are and be what your own thoughts and desires prompt. Accept your own thoughts and desires as *God's* thoughts and desires, and act freely upon them. Watch carefully and *appreciatively* your own thoughts and desires and you will find that you really have been "striving" to be like *somebody else's* radiant sun. You have been despising your own radiance whilst you strove to imitate somebody else's shine. *Be yourself*—you *are* a radiant sun of good. Smile and *let* your light shine. *All striving shuts off a part of your own radiance.* Quit strife and you will shine brighter and brighter.

BRIEF POINTS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * An English subscriber wants to know why the price of *Nautilus* is 2 shillings 3 pence to English subscribers when it costs no more to send it there than to New York city. But it *does* cost more. In this country it costs less than a cent to send *Nautilus* a whole year to a subscriber, while it costs one cent per copy on all copies sent to England, where they have no postage classification corresponding with our second-class matter.

* * * *The Adept* for May is much improved in appearance. It is printed on much better paper and looks very neat. Published by Frederick White, Markville, Minn., at 50 cents per year.

* * * When Elizabeth passed through Chicago on her trip to Portland, she met William Walker Atkinson, editor of *New Thought*. If he could read all the nice things she has written of his looks and manners it would make him blush sure.

* * * By the way, Elizabeth says she got taffy enough in Chicago concerning *Nautilus* to "make all the heads in the office swell up and bust."

* * * Did anyone ever find serene peace—"the peace that passeth understanding"—except through the refining processes of pain and suffering? I have never met anyone who found real and lasting calmness and poise except after passing through this refining process. Hell is man's best and truest friend. It is all the work of the blessed Spirit leading us to the mountain of wisdom, and our ignorant *resistance* causes the suffering. But the sweetness of the peace which cometh after the pain—*eternal peace*—is worth a million times all the pain of hell.

* * * Old Father Mortality likes to put on airs, but he's glad enough to be the servant of Spirit when he gets in a tight pinch.

* * * Few people realize that it is not the *quantity* of food we eat that makes us strong, but the amount we assimilate. Read Mr. Rideout's article on "Eating" in this issue. Then you will want to read his ad. in *Nautilus* and send for his magazine so as to get some more of his good ideas.

* * * *The Christ* is a very pretty new magazine by Dr. S. A. West, Rock Port, Mo. $1.00 a year, or "one to ten dollars" the editor says.

* * * If any readers of this paragraph are troubled with constipation they should read the ad. of H. J. Piggott elsewhere in this number of *Nautilus*. I have examined his method and pronounce it fine.

* * * Verily, the new thought is becoming fashionable. Listen to this from *Riches*: "Havemeyer, the president of the sugar trust, has announced in a newspaper interview that he is a Mental Scientist, and says that a few months' study of the principles has 'made a new man' of him. A. G. Spalding, the millionaire manufacturer of sporting goods, will retire from active business and join the Point Loma school—it being his intention to devote the rest of his life to the study of occultism. It is stated that large numbers of wealthy and influential people in New York are taking up Mental Science, although as a matter of fact many of the most successful men in American life today are accomplished occult students. John Hay, the present secretary of state, is an authority on such subjects when he chooses to express an opinion, and it is said that Roosevelt owes much of his success in life to a knowledge of the operations of natural and spiritual laws."

* * * If you have written any letters to *Nautilus* office the past month which have not received proper attention, you will know it is due to the absence of the editor. All book orders and subscriptions have been promptly filled, however, and if you have not received what you ordered write again.

* * * Condemn not. Each act which you would condemn in another fits in as a part of the Great Plan. We see with the limited vision of the transient and mortal when we condemn. With the birth of the conception of unity in our minds we cease to judge regarding the actions of others.

Each undergoes such experience as is necessary for his growth, and none other *can* come to him.

* * * Man as soon as he reaches years of maturity begins to disturb the harmonious adjustment with Universal Life, which existed during his childhood, by straining away from the center of being, and forming ruts of thinking and acting, which causes tension and inharmony.

* * * The child is full of *faith*, hence he naturally lives from the center, that is, he responds freely to his natural impulses and does not worry. He relaxes all tension as soon as an act is accomplished upon which he has set his mind. If he fails to succeed in what he undertakes, he easily turns to something else.

* * * Man loses his faith and that is what causes him to strain and fume in a blind effort to *make* things come his way by brute effort of will.

* * * Such conduct is useless and produces endless suffering. Such a mental attitude prevents the very results you most desire. Worry will help on your failure every time but calm faith will *surely* bring success.

* * * "But if I have no faith," asks someone. Then, as Wilson says in "Paths to Power," simply keep still and wait and faith will come.

* * * It is not only essential that you have faith, but also that you *act* upon that faith. "Faith without works is dead," you know. Faith is the inspirer that works.

* * * Faith and work must always be properly balanced. Faith comes from the silence, the subjective side of man. Work is on the objective plane. The two—faith and work—must always complement each other where harmony exists.

* * * You see the result of faith without works in the visionary inventor who is full of schemes but lacks the ability to make them practical by work. The one who works without faith is a simple pack-horse, a drudge. These two extremes must be harmonized.

* * * Under a co-operative system which was the outgrowth and expression of the true co-operative spirit in its broadest sense, these two extremes would tend to equalize in the nation as a whole.

* * * So faith and work must be made to co-operate in the individual in order that a poised and useful life may result.

* * * It is with deepest regret that we learn of the death of Albert Chavannes, the well known author of "Magnetation," "Vital Force" and other valuable scientific books. His latest book was a work on mental science. Mr. Chavannes was born in Switzerland and came to this country when twelve years of age. He had resided at Knoxville, Tenn., for many years. In our business dealings with him we always found him most liberal. He was a subscriber for and careful reader of *Nautilus,* and we presume other new thought papers. We extend to his wife, Cecile Chavannes, our sincerest sympathy.

* * * This is the kind of weather that makes you think of the time when you were a boy and lived on a farm and developed an appetite at this season which nothing eatable could phase. At night we were so blissfully tired that we had only to tumble into bed to go to sleep, and we dreaded to have morning come because we wanted to sleep more. Absorb all you can of the strength giving vibrations of the earth at this time. Let the magic alchemy of earth and air and sunshine do their will in you. Get back—no go forward—to the spirit of girlhood and boyhood when it was a pleasure just to roll in the dirt and watch the sunlight and listen to the spring birds sing their sweet songs of joy. We are all going to lead more natural lives in the future with less of the artificial and purely intellectual in them, and more of the calm spirit of nature.

* * * *Fair Play,* MacFadden's weekly, has ceased to exist. The editor says he is too busy to run it longer, but we suspect the magazine did not prove to be a gold mine.

* * * Give up your striving. Trust *all* to Principle—the Spirit of Being. Relax. Let go of everything. In the stillness that follows, faith will be born.

* * * It may take days or years to accomplish this. But it *can* be accomplished. The results are too far reaching to be attained with little work.

* * * The Regenerate Life is not something that you can graft on to the outside by following any fixed formulas. It grows up within like a plant, and a mighty tender plant it is at first.

EVERY DAY.

"Please tell me in *Expression* what you consider selfless loving to be," writes one from a far-away country.

The word "selfless" is capable of as many definitions as it has letters, and more; therefore I will only speak of what *I* mean when I use the word.

To me, and for me, it means the giving of any degree of feeling of a kindly or loving nature without any reference to the receiving or response. It does not refer to an intensely loving feeling, any more than it does to the kindly feeling one has towards all people indiscriminately. I love my children; I give that lovingness to them independently of any feeling from them to me, either of lovingness or consideration.

I like my friends; my kindly feeling for them flows out to them ceaselessly, the outflowing being in no way measured by what those friends feel towards me. My feelings for them are not fed by what they feel for me; my feelings are, and are self-existent.

I like the people who serve me in any capacity, and my feelings of liking are, and have nothing whatever to do with what they may feel for me or about me.

My kindly feelings are given, without a price of any kind; therefore, selfless loving means to me the loving which asks nothing in return, and is not dependent for its existence upon a reciprocation of feeling.

The manner or mode of expressing or showing forth that feeling must be determined by each one, according to his own ideas of what is kindly, honorable, considerate, brave, and true. No one can judge for another in what manner he ought to express his feelings. What is absolutely sure is that no two will express them alike.

It is many years since I perceived it possible to maintain one's feelings in that warm, ever-flowing state, despite all happenings. To see so glorious a possibility meant to endeavor to be true to it. From the perception and the endeavor have followed most satisfactory and happy results. It would take volumes to tell what they are. One of the sweetest is that of being enabled thereby to perceive the kindly feeling in the souls of all peoples. I do not put it there by my steadfast, kindly feeling. *It is there,* and it responds instantly to mine. It never fails to come leaping forth like water from a spring. It streams out upon me like the sunshine; no matter where, or when, or whom, it is always there, and always responds at once.

Of this one result alone I could give hundreds of instances, beautiful, satisfying, and, if one did not know the inner working, strange. One will suffice to show my meaning.

One morning a lady went into a large and fashionable shop. One of the saleswomen came forward and asked what she wished. The woman behind the counter had a cross and sullen look upon her face; she answered the customer in an insolent manner, and was altogether very disagreeable.

At last the woman in front of the counter said, in a gentle voice, to the woman behind it, "What is the matter this morning? Are you ill, or in trouble?"

The woman's eyes instantly filled with tears, her voice trembled, and in a moment must have been noticed by her fellow-clerks.

"Be careful," whispered the customer; then in a louder tone, "Bring those ribbons to the door, please, we cannot see in this dark corner."

Arrived at the door, the poor girl poured forth, in a few hurried sentences, a heart-breaking story—an ill father, heavy expenses, no money for the rent, and a notice received that morning to leave the house in a day or two.

The lady clasped the cold, trembling fingers, and said brightly, "Do not worry. How much do you need at once, tonight? I will let you have that now, and later will come to see you, and see if we cannot find a way out of the trouble." And they did.

Imagine that poor girl's gratitude. Had the customer allowed the girl's insolence to stem the outpouring of her own kindly feelings towards her, would the result have been as satisfactory to herself, to say nothing of the girl?

I could fill pages with just such instances, small and great, no two alike in expression, but all issuing from the feeling born out of the perception of the possibility of maintaining an attitude of free giving to all, independently of what was felt or done by the recipients.

This one thing I must say now, and always—that I have never known that omnipresent, indwelling, kindly feeling fail to answer its brother whenever and wherever they have met. In city or country, in all races, in all countries, ever and always have I seen that kindly feeling spring forth, in small jets or large, from all hearts, in answer to its brother-feeling, however expressed.

By maintaining that ever-flowing stream, or light, one is enabled to do many things which otherwise he could not see to do, to help in ways that would otherwise be invisible to him, or impossible.

From my own personal experience I am sure that that attitude, held to, will lead one into all the glorious doing that the most daring might imagine. For myself it has been an unspeakable joy to be able to feel, see, and taste the kindness in the souls of all my kind, and to know that throughout the whole universe the kindly, loving feeling lies in the hearts of all, from the tiniest and most simple form to the largest or greatest that may be. By that, and because of it, I can touch hands with all that is, and all answer me, giving me of that glorious beauty whatever I will take.—ALMA GILLEN in *Expression.*

The Success Circle.

Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. Anyone who sends me $1 for my books or subscription to THE NAUTILUS, *is entitled to one year's membership in the Success Circle. To get best results you should have* THE NAUTILUS, *each number of which contains a special letter to the Success Circle; and a copy of "How to Grow Success," price 50 cents, containing full directions to the Circle members. Other of my books may be substituted for the above mentioned, but NOBODY'S ELSE; and money sent for* DELINQUENT *subscriptions will not count on this offer. Additional members of your family who wish to join the Success Circle AT THE SAME TIME YOU JOIN, may do so by sending with your order, 50 cents for books or paper to that amount. Unless these orders come in one envelope each member of your family is privileged to join only upon sending $1 for my books, or* NAUTILUS *to that amount. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY. There will be NO deviations. * * * I teach the Success Circle through "How to Grow Success" which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed herewith. And I speak for all members* **the Word of Success,** *for which I make no charge. * * * "How to Grow Success" is uniform with my other 50 cent book, contains a new three-quarter length engraving of the author and each copy is signed and numbered in my handwriting. It is a text book for the Success Circle. * * * I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid.*

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—"Many people never get fully awakened. Go into a large store or factory and watch the people work. Many of them look as if they were not fully masters of themselves; they are but partially aroused, mere dwarfs of the possible man or woman. They have never discovered their powers. Having found that they can get along with a moderate degree of activity, they are content to do so, using the least possible physical and mental effort. The same thing is true with most of the other people we meet in life,—they seem to need a few sharp words from some friend to put them in full motion. They do not know their own capabilities. They have never made a tour of investigation and discovery to see what continents of power they really have, but are content to cultivate their little islands of energy here and there, just enough to provide for their daily wants. They dwell in the valleys, and never climb to the mountain-tops to take a wide view of themselves and the possibilities around them. No youth ever amounts to much until he is thoroughly in earnest, until all his powers are brought into play, until he feels that his work

counts in the grand total of human effort, and is indispensable to the highest, fullest results."—*Success.*

—"The wise man prizes these three things: Gentleness; economy; industry. By being gentle, your energies are conserved. By being economical, you can be liberal. By being industrious, you secure rest."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

PACK-MULES.

"Can a man past middle age restore his partially lost mental activity and clearness of perception; and how? What causes annoying sleepiness while reading?"

Nothing but *overburdening* will impair the wide-awake-ness of a man's faculties. As soon as burdens are dropped the mind wakes again to spring time freshness. Mind and interest spring eternal—if you clear out the rubbish.

Of course mental burdens are the main ones. A man cannot load himself with the thousand and one petty annoyances which *any* man *can* find if he will permit himself, and still retain fresh faculties. A mental pack mule is about as stolid, stupid and joyless as a material one.

The cure is to quit carrying burdens. Oh, you can quit if you *will.* The God-power of this universe is carrying you and the burdens too. They will be carried just the same if you drop them.

Burden-bearers are like the very polite old man I heard about. He was trudging along with aching legs and heavy pack when a passing driver asked him to get in behind and ride. Gratefully the old man accepted, climbed in and settled down. After a while the driver happened to look around, and there sat the old man with his pack still on his back. "Why don't ye put down your pack and rest ye?"—he asked. "Oh," he replied, "sure an' I couldn't bother yez to carry me pack *too!*"

The heaps of odds and ends we keep on our minds are just as needlessly carried. We need only to lay them down to be freed to enjoy life again.

"How *can* I let go of them?" *By denial.* Deny that you carry anything. Scat every burdening thought as it comes into mind. *Refuse* to think of but one thing at a time, and see that that one is a pleasant thing. See that you loaf often and invite your soul. Do what you *want* to do. Think what you want to think. Refuse to loan your mental arena for the funeral processions of tramp thoughts.

I'll tell you something that will greatly help you in freeing your faculties to normal and happy expression. *Most of our sleepiness is due to too much eating.* Especially is this true as we grow older and exercise and eliminate less freely. We carry physical burdens as well as mental—undigested food, and superannuated cells which ought to be sloughed off but are not, because the digestive organs are kept too busy with fresh supplies of food.

Now you may not eat as much in bulk as does your wide-awake neighbor, but if you are dull and sleepy, especially in the morning and after meals, it is safe to say you eat more than your system with its present amount of breathing and exercise, can carry with *ease,* which is *health.* You are overburdened. Every cell in your body is *crowded* and weighted down. You need to fast and give your body a chance to get rid of its burdens.

And you will find your mental burdens disappearing with the physical ones. Mind and body are one. To clear either tends to clear both. If you want to be your best self clear both.

Drop out one meal a day and take outdoor breathing exercises and a drink of water, or fruit juice and water instead. If this does not prove sufficient drop out *all* the meals and use air and water galore, for a day or so at a time. Repeat until you feel fresh as a lark.

You will not feel so at first perhaps. The worse your body is overburdened the meaner you will feel when you shut off further stuffing. But the more water and *outdoor air* you use the sooner the ill feelings will pass and you will begin to realize the joy of an unburdened body.

I am not talking theory to you. I know from experience that what I tell you is true. A *thorough* trial, with a WILL, will prove its efficacy to any man—or woman. Don't let a few "gone" feelings keep you in your present stuffed and stupid condition. There is *joy* ahead of you and eternal youth springs within. Don't be too sleepy to clear away the rubbish that chokes your waters of life.

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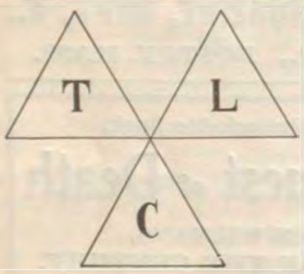
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